

RELIGIOUS - INFORMER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EBENEZER CHASE ANDOVER, N. H.

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May, 1821.

FOR THE INFORMER.

W. C. C. No. II.

"Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit, before a fall."
SOLOMON.

When we take a candid view of this subject, we shall find the words of Solomon here, have been proved true in all ages of the world, and that it is a fact, undeniably so. Let us therefore consider the nature of this will.

When we are proud, or tempted to pride, let us remember we have no reason to be proud, but many reasons to be humble. Or, if we feel the remains of pride yet in the heart, let us realize the following truths.

Consider, for a moment, the shortness and uncertainty of human life; the vanity and vexation of all earthly things. You have often rebelled against your rightful Creator; and pride ill becomes a rebel. Consider also, pride is absolutely opposite to meekness and humility, and must be mortified, if you would attain the promised blessing. Let those, who pride themselves in what the vain world terms distinction of birth, dress, and riches; realize that they must lie as low in the dust, and, that corruption and worms will prey as sweetly on them, as on the honest poor beggar, they so much despise. Their present, arbitrary distinctions will forever cease in the silent grave, to which rich and poor, are all hastening. And what may be still more mortifying, in the future world, there may be the same distance and difference in this case, between the despisers, and the despised, as was between the rich man and Lazarus. Let such enquire, whether the poor, which they so much disdain, are not likely to be conducted to heaven by angels, while they, with all their present power, wealth, pomp, and pride, shall be denied the smallest favor, to mitigate the intenseness of their future punishment!

Go, then, ye sons and daughters of pride, to the tombs which contain the relics of your kindred greatness; and draw aside the lids which conceal them. See their ghastly appearance; their corruption and worms, with all the deformity and triumph of death upon them. While these humbling objects of rottenness and stench lie before you, & irresistably fasten a momentary seriousness on the mind, for once seriously recollect, that these faces were once as blooming and as beautiful as yours; their bodies as decorated, and perhaps their hearts as proud; and remember also, you must shortly be as disfigured, and noisome as they now appear. From the narrow opening of the tomb, look back on all the world calls greatness. See it lie in ruins! Before the relentless hand of time, beauty fades; power dies; greatness disappears; riches fly away; honor sinks; pleasures cease; and alas! the appetite is no more; and the voice of applause which made the world to tremble, is either turned to the voice of envy and detraction, or dwindled into a mortifying silence. Shall a reasonable creature exchange his reason for the most airy vanity, by boasting of things so short in their duration, so empty so precarious! O reader, shun pride, the precursor of these woes and wretchedness! had you gained these things independent of God, you might have more cause to boast. But they are all the gifts of God, and you are dependent on him for all these things. It is as absurd for you to boast of them, as it would be for a poor beggar to boast and domineer over you, because he had received of your bounty. But the most effectual cure of pride will be to deeply consider the inexpressible goodness of God, amidst your present unworthiness and past rebellion. When tempted to pride, let this be your chief weapon. Say, "shall a creature, who owes so much to God, and daily receives so many favors from him, boast against the best of benefactors? Can I be proud, when I behold the love of God in the gift of his well beloved Son? Or when I call to mind, that the lovely Jesus humbled himself to death, even the death of the cross, for my salvation? Can I see his obedient and suffering life; or see his bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane; buffeted and insulted at the judgment seat of Pilate; fainting beneath the cross; extended, pierced, groaning, bleeding, dying on Calvary, and yet be proud, when I realize it was all in love for rebels

like me? Or can I be otherwise than humble at his feet, when I remember his loving calls and moving invitations, to turn and live? the manner in which they were rejected, yet he still continued to call and invite, and after all had mercy upon me, when I deserved the lowest hell!" Let these self abasing considerations have a proper effect on the mind, and they will not only overcome temptations, but mortify pride itself, and bring you low at the feet of mercy. Go, and in deep repentance at your Saviour's feet, confess, and forsake your sins,—Your pride should be your shame. Remember, "it goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Consider your dependance on God, the multitude and magnitude of your crimes, the offers of salvation you have slighted; and the threatening punishment, that awaits your fall! Tell me, will you give place to the habitual gratification of pride any longer? Remember its destruction. Flee from the impending danger, or you will have to lament it, when your destruction comes like a whirl-wind, and none to deliver! Through pride, many defer the concerns of salvation, till a more convenient season. But why should a fellow worm be feared more than God? Why should the favor of men, and the honor of this world, be preferred to the favor of God, and the honor, which cometh from above? Remember pride, its great cause, and its destruction!

Again. Pride keeps many from all real happiness. This temper has many ways to exercise and shew itself. Some are passionately proud of the frippery and superfluities of dress, rich attire, the fashionable honors of life, of beauty, graceful behaviour, wit, or learning. And though people see, that a proud attachment to these things, is utterly contrary to the humble spirit of the gospel; yet they are so extremely fond of them, they will not forsake them, although they are convinced, that the end is destruction. They well know, that following reality and truth, will draw on them the censure and ridicule of the world and worldly professors; and to these crosses, their pride will not let them submit. O! then think of its destruction!

Again. Pride may lead some men to profess a fashionable religion, to get into offices, or to be reputed good. But such a pride, of all others, stands the most in the way of re-

al Christianity. When once they are settled in it, nothing can be more mortifying to their pride, than to acknowledge they have not been genuine christians; and so come out from a worldly profession, and become christians in spirit & in practice. Such have, through pride, almost every temptation to live destitute of the spirit of Christ Jesus.

Some also who have backslidden from God, may, by backsliding, have imbibed the spirit of pride, which inclines them to conceal their state by pretending as much zeal and resolution as ever; when they are inwardly conscious, they have lost the spirit of true fervency, and have fallen into a state of lukewarmness and pride. Although this may seem almost incredible, yet I fancy it is no uncommon case with some professed christians.

Again. Pride may lead men to do things to be seen of others, and so to gain their applause. To wish the good will and christian approbation of others, is not evil; but to have the gratification of our pride, by the high sounding praise of others, the motive of our duties is exactly the reverse, for which Christ so severely reprov'd and condemn'd the Pharisees.

But remember, pride in all its shapes is entirely inconsistent with a christian-holiness or life; and must be mortified, before the other can be enjoyed. Although this truth is so plain, many undertake to compound them,—to mingle pride and humility in the service of God. In their characters, there is a strange mixture of profession and profanity. To see their countenances in the time of worship, one would think them to be saints of the highest order; but to see their mimicry and dress, on a second thought, they would be taken for avowed unbelievers,—O ye sons and daughters of pride, remember it goes before destruction, and its haughtiness before a fall! Forsake it then, before it proves your ruin. Consider again on the other hand, the consolation and joy of those, who do, in reality, forsake its sinful ways. You must stand or fall to your own master! If you are wise, it will be for your own eternal happiness; and if you scorn, you alone must bear it! Delays are dangerous!

But on the other hand; the all important subject of salvation! Religion is the best of all pursuits, if in reality sought for, found, and followed. It calls for the greatest activity and sincerity. In the spirit and exercise of pure re-

region, God will be your Father; Christ, your Saviour; the Holy Ghost, your comforter; angels, your ministers; the gospel, your delight and treasure; saints, your companions; holiness, your daily repast; wisdom, your guide; grace, your strength; peace and joy, your attendants; and heaven, your home. You have therefore every possible reason for casting off pride, and instantly entering on a gospel life, which is the prayer of your friend, for Christ's sake.

W. C. C.

FOR THE INFORMER.

Copy of a letter from Elder John L. Peavy to the Editor, dated at Cooperstown, New-York, Otsego County, April 3d, 1821.

Dear Brother,

Believing the news of the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom to be refreshing to all the followers of the Lamb, and that "as cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country," I would send you the following few lines of the dealings of the Lord with us in this western region, which, if you please, you may give a place in your Religious Informer.

Five years ago this month, under a sense of duty, I left my parents' house & all the domestic sweets of life, & bade farewell to every prospect of earthly enjoyment, to publish, in a feeble manner, the precious gospel of the Prince of Peace in this western part of God's heritage. In company with Elder Elijah Shaw, I came Saratoga and Ballstown springs in May, and from thence to the Brevert Hills, Providence, Milton, and Gallaway, where we found a goodly number of loving saints, who were rejoicing in hope of glory. In Galway we separated by mutual consent, (and not of contention,) and I came on to the Mohawk river, where I tarried a few days, and from thence, in company with Elder David Millard, passed through Charleston and Canajon harrie, preaching as we came. We arrived in Roxbury, Delaware Co. where we met Elder Christopher W. Martin engaged in a glorious reformation. In this town I tarried a few weeks, and enjoyed many refreshing seasons. From thence I came into Kortright, and though violently opposed by preachers and people, the work of the Lord began and spread gloriously. The first meeting I attended there, was

in the street, being denied the privilege of speaking on their usual meeting ground. The second meeting two preachers and other persons opposed me in a public manner very vehemently. But the word of God grew and prevailed, Elders Martin and Millard assisting in the work, and now a Church of free brethren are existing there of about one hundred members, of whom Elder William Cummings has the care. From thence I went to Green County, and saw a goodly number converted, and a precious revival took place in the church. Nearly 200 members, I think, are now there united, of whom Elder John Spore, Jr. has the care, and is doing well. God has lately added largely to them. Late in the fall of the same year, I came into this County, about 70 miles west of Albany, where I began to preach Christ to the people. The word of God has had a good effect, and thanks be to God, many now are rejoicing in the truth. I have been in this Co. most of the time since I first came. Four or five churches have since then been raised up, and others wonderfully added unto.

I have largely ranged through many towns in this County, through all weathers, by day and night, and have spared no pains to do good among the people. I have (for these days in this country) suffered many things from different quarters, and in various ways; but blessed be God, through him victory has been, and still is turning on liberty's side, & I have, in a good measure, seen the desire of my soul.

We have had but very few laborers to tarry with us. Brother Jesse Thompson, like a soldier, has endured affliction, and God has blessed his labors. We are remarkably anxious for him to return soon.

The work of God has lately revived in Lawrence and Unadilla. Also in Otego. About, or nearly thirty have been added within a few weeks, and the work is going on.

A short visit from my brother Edward H. Peavy has been really profitable, and proved a blessing to the people. The way is opening wonderfully in this country. Men's traditions are falling. Error is quitting the field. Liberty is prevailing, and the pure testimony cuts its way through.

My health has now become so poor, my constitution worn out, and my lungs so feeble, that I cannot endure but little. Unless God should bless me some how with an addition of health, I see no way, but I shall soon go down to the

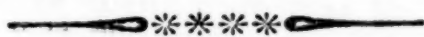
shades of death. But I intend to die in the field of battle like a veteran for Jesus.

Nearly three hundred free brethren are now rejoicing in the liberty of the gospel in this County.

In bonds of real friendship
and christian union, I remain

yours in Christ Jesus our com-
mon Lord.

JOHN L. PEAVY.



FOR THE RELIGIOUS INFORMER.

Copy of a letter to the Editor, from Elder John Gould, dated at Berkshire, N. Y. March 8th, 1821.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INFORMER.

Dearly beloved Brother in Christ,

I again announce to you the joyful news, that the Lord is yet with us in our state of infancy and weakness. We met for Q. M. on Saturday, 24th of February last, for to set in order the things that were wanting.

Assembled at ten o'clock, A. M. and after prayer for the assistance of our divine Master,

Chose Deacon John Smith *Moderator*, and Elder John Gould *Clerk*. Then proceeded to business.

Called for the reports of the churches, and "as cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The reports, in general, were very good; and the brethren seem to be striving for the heavenly kingdom.

Our number has increased eight, since our last q. m. three since my last returns. Notwithstanding two dismissed, and one expelled, one stands as a candidate, and a number more have recently professed to experience emancipating grace. Our number is 164.

The Q. M. was attended with the mighty power of Israel's God. Saturday was well employed in exhortation, singing, and prayer in that feeling and melting language, while flowing tears were seen through the whole season. Sabbath was occupied in preaching three sermons; one by a visiting brother from the Seneca Lake, by whom we heard from a Q. M. in those parts, having four ordained Elders, two licenced preachers, number of brethren not yet ascertained. I shall, I expect, be able to give you a correct account of them after our next Q. M. as we have appointed Delegates to sit with them in their Q. M. at Lions, Saturday

before the 2d Sabbath in May. They informed me, they were getting correspondence with the Holland-Purchase brethren.

I likewise hear from Penn. that there is a considerable large body of brethren, that hold a Yearly Meeting. I shall take measures to inform myself respecting them, as soon as possible.

One year ago, last September, I did not know as there was a Free Baptist preacher, nearer than the state of Vermont, and now I hear of many, and have become acquainted with some of them. Their situation is as follows.

Qr. Meetings.	Preachers.	Churches.	Brethren.
Holland-Purchase,	8	16	615
Seneca Lake,	4	6	unk'n
The Brothertown Y. M. at least,	14	22	1199
Owego,	2	4	164
<i>Total.</i>	28	48	1978

The Brothertown brethren in general correspond with us in our faith. I expect to attend their Yearly Meeting, after which, I hope to be able to give a more exact account.

I hereby request my brethren to use every exertion to transmit to the Editor of the Informer, all knowledge of the above description, that by having it published, each individual, who reads the Informer, may know the standing of the connection generally.

O Brethren, pray for us, and for the Israel of God, and for an unworthy brother in tribulation.

JOHN GOULD.

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 THE voice of Christ says, "*My son, give me thy heart!*" and to him, who obeys, he will say, "*Go in peace! go into the grave! go to Judgment! go into Eternity! go in peace!*"

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A Preacher.—A Preacher ought to possess a generous and humane disposition, and a degree of condescension to every capacity, and a familiarity without vanity, with the generosity of a Scipio, and the firmness of a Washington; and all his sermons, as Mr. Blair said, ought to be one persuasive oration for men to do good.
 P.

FOR THE INFORMER.

*Extract of a letter from sister
C. H. Danforth, to the Edit-
or, dated at Weathersfield,
Vt. April 21, 1821.*

MUCH ESTEEMED AND RES-
PECTED BROTHER IN CHRIST.

I do, with unfeigned pleas-
ure, transmit a few lines to
you, and pray God to direct
my mind, while I use my pen,
which is a medium of convey-
ing that intelligence which is
reviving to the hearts of every
true lover of Christ. I am
happy to state, that the dark
and benighted place of Weath-
ersfield has blossomed like the
rose. The people, who sat in
darkness, have seen a great
light; they that dwelt in the
land of the shadow of death,
upon them, the light has shi-
ned. Yes, many, that a few
months ago, were dead in
trespases and sins, are made
alive by the precious blood of
Christ. Old and young, rich
and poor share alike in this
glorious work.

I felt, last fall, uncommonly
impressed to visit my friends
in Vermont, and particularly
in this town, which gave me
birth and education. I accor-
dingly left R. I. on the 10th of
November last, and was many
times, while on my journey,
strongly solicited to stop, and
spend some time in different
towns. I complied so far, as

to attend a number of meetings
on my journey, and reached
home the 9th of December.

The Friday following, I at-
tended a meeting in our
schoolhouse, and about all the
people in the village came to
hear. I thought I could say
indeed, that I saw and felt the
approximate of what I had so
long desired, viz. a gathering
to Shiloh the blessed Imman-
uel. We give the glory to
God for visiting us. The spi-
rit of God is the most persua-
sive preacher. We poor mor-
tals may preach, but in vain,
without the spirit speaks too.
We trust, however, that the
spirit has spoken to many, and
they have heard, and do live.
Indeed we may say, it is a glo-
rious auspiciousness here. A-
bout 100 in this town have ob-
tained a hope in Christ. Fif-
teen last Friday boldly declar-
ed what God had done for
their precious souls. Last
Sabbath 10 were baptized.
We have never had any Free
Baptist church formed in this
town; but many now desire
to have one, and on Thursday
last, we met and agreed to
send for some Elders to assist
in organizing a church, and
have it added to the quarterly
meeting. Some now stand as
candidates for baptism.

Brethren in general are rising
in this quarter.

J Brown, a worthy brother

is engaged for the establishment and order of the house of God, and it is my prayer, that the government of Christ may be established in every heart.

The call for labourers is so great in this place, that I have given up the idea of going to R. I. till the last of June; then, if the Lord will, I shall attend the Quarterly meeting at Newport, and the Yearly meeting at Weare, after which, I expect to visit my friends in the south.

I am, therefore, in christian bonds, your sincere, though unworthy friend,

C. H. Danforth.

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FOR THE INFORMER.

Extract of a letter from Brother Uriah B. Russell to the Editor, dated at Barton, N. H. April 16, 1821.

DEAR BROTHER,

I hereby acknowledge the receipt of each No. of your Informer since I commenced taking them, to this time. I think it a work, well calculated to diffuse the knowledge of the gospel, which, to the lovers of Jesus, is like "*cold water to a thirsty soul*." I feel to use my endeavors to patronize the work. I wish you to send me another set, commencing with the first No. in this year, if you have them on hand.

I think we enjoy a little of the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people in this place. Some are quitting the ways of sin and turning to the Lord. Backsliders also are returning to their father's house. The work is not so rapid, as in some places; but it is regular and progressive. It is heart-cheering to hear and see, that God is at work in the land, and his gospel is fast spreading. It brings to mind the happy day, when all people shall know the Lord.

I subscribe myself your brother in Christ.

U. B. Russell.

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An answer to the foregoing letters, together with several other letters, of the same nature, that have not been published.

Dear Brethren & Sisters,

If I know my own heart, the cause of God is that, which is highest in my esteem, and when I hear of sinners turning to Christ, it gives me joy inexpressible. Often when I receive a letter containing religious intelligence, I can adopt the language of the poet, and say:

"Kide on all conq'ring king,"
&c.

I also feel happy, that I have been enabled to make the Informer such a medium of in-

telligence, as, in any measure, to convey comfort to the hearts of God's people. It ever has been, and still is my earnest desire, that it may do good. I do not expect my publication to be such as the world calls *great*; but hope it will be such, as the Lord will approve. I must give an account in the day of Judgment for what I publish in this paper, as well as what I preach. O Lord, enable me to give an account with joy, and not with grief.

As several persons, in their letters, have expressed an anxiety concerning my health, I have the pleasure to inform them, that I think it is greatly improving. I was able a few days ago to read to my family 20 minutes at one time, without much inconvenience, which I have not been able to do for some months past. Soon I hope to be able, if it is God's will, to blow the gospel trumpet; but if my infirmity returns, I hope for patience, & cheerful submission to the will of God.

I request an interest in the prayers of God's people, and, if I never see the faces of but few, with whom I correspond, while in time, I hope in eternity to enjoy their company, where parting shall never be known, and sorrow cannot come.

*I remain a servant to the
Church for Jesus' sake.*

EDITOR.

LYNN, April 9, 1821.

As some children were amusing themselves near the Mills of Mr. Hezekiah Chase, in Lynn, one of them, a girl of ten years of age, fell into the Millpond. It was eight feet from the dam to the bottom, & the water near five feet deep. The alarm was first given to a man at the Mills, who ran and extended a ten-foot pole for her relief, but the tide had carried her beyond its reach. The cries of the children were soon heard at the house of Mr. Noah Hill—when Mrs. Hill, with her niece, hastened to the spot. Mrs. H. entreated her brother to leap over and try to save the child's life, but he declined not knowing how to swim. They beheld the distressing scene, till the little girl began to sink the third time, when Mrs. Hill, leaped over the dam, pressed forward till she caught the child's clothing, and by the assistance of her brother and niece, raised her up, carried her to her house, and brought her too. Thus by the uncommon fortitude and presence of mind of this lady. (who is a sister to the Reverend Johnson Chase of New-York, and of Mr. Hezekiah Chase, merchant of Boston,) was this child snatched from the jaws of death, and restored to her friends. The name of the girl is S. Glover formerly of Salem. *Salem Reg.*

On Sunday last, a boat containing five persons, was upset in a squall, off the west of Long-

Island. They were seen by Mr. Lawrence, keeper of the light-house on the Island, at the distance of about two miles. Mr. Lawrence immediately went to their relief, in a small flat bottomed boat, at the imminent risk of his own life, and succeeded in taking three of them from the bottom of the boat, in a very exhausted and bruised condition, and getting them safe on shore. The other two, named Wetherlee and Leonard, were drowned. Mr. Hobart, of Blanchard's Island, also went to their assistance, and had the survivors conveyed to his house, where they were restored.

Interesting and providential escape.

Westchester, (Penn.) April 11.

Last week, a little boy, son of Mr. Benjamin Cope, of Eastbradford, only four years old, was playing near a chamber window, to which he had found his way. He had been in the habit of getting out of the kitchen window, holding by his hands, and dropping to the ground, a small distance, which did not hurt him, and now the little fellow, full of life, was all unconscious of the difference, or the danger. Mrs. Cope hastened up stairs to the room, when the child threw himself out, as he had been wont to do, hanging alone by his little hands, laughing that she could not catch him. Who can describe the agony of a mother's feelings? It was an only son—it was an only child—and oh! if it had not been—it was a darling boy, his eye full of mischief; his little tongue running with playfulness—and he depending by nothing but the slender hold of his infant hands—three stories from the ground, and therefore over apparently inevitable destruction. The mother could scarcely speak ere he fell. Was it an angel's wing that buoyed him up and broke his fall? Extraordinary as it may appear—he did not break a limb; but he fell on the earth between two stones, and was so little bruised that in an hour he was running again as playful as ever.

Recorder.

Another solemn warning!

On the evening of Saturday the 24th ult. a most melancholy casualty occurred in the family of Mr. Daniel Johnson, a respectable farmer of Morris township, Pennsylvania. His son, a lad about 15 years of age, had just returned from hunting, and while carrying his rifle, which was left charged, across the room to a place of safety, had necessarily to pass close by a weaver's loom, against which the trigger of the gun touched, when she went off, and shot his sister Sarah dead upon the spot! the ball passed through the head at the temples. The deceased was about 17 years of age, amiable and interesting and but a moment before was the pride and consolation of her parents in their declining years.

Providence, (R. I) April 9.

One evening, a few weeks since, while the wind was blowing almost a gale, a family in George street was alarmed by the incessant barking of a dog, who ran to the out side door, and after obtaining admittance, ran back again into the yard. He continued these endeavors to draw their attention to the yard, until they were induced to follow him. Having thus obtained his wish, he led them to a barrel of ashes which had been lately removed to the wooden platform over the cellar steps. On approaching the barrel it was perceived to be on fire; and the blaze having made its way through the staves, was catching the cellar door. Thus, through the sagacity of poor Tray, the family and neighborhood were saved from impending danger.



An address, delivered by the instructor to the scholars on the last day of a school, kept in this town in the winter of 1821.

The time, for which I was engaged to preside in this school, is now closed; and I am under obligation to acknowledge, that your improvements have been such, as have far exceeded my most sanguine expectations; they have equalled my warmest wishes.

As your friend, I now recommend you to pursue your studies, as far as your circumstances may permit you to go; or as far as your inclinations may lead you.

You are all sensible of the importance of education, and the means, by which it is to be obtained, are so ample, and your privileges so great, that nothing would be so dishonorable to your parents or yourselves, as to be destitute of it. No greater misfortune could attend you through life, than to arrive at manhood, unable to read, write, & keep accounts. Every consideration joins to prevent so degraded and mortifying a state, by giving to every one the customary education and advantages. To obtain this, education doubtless was a great object that stimulated your parents to spare you from home, to furnish you with books, and with clothes. To this, I have been attentive.

But this has not been every part of my duty. I have directed my attention, as much as time would allow, to the culture of your minds. I have endeavored to form them to rational men, useful members of society, sincere and faithful friends, and virtuous citizens.

It has been my duty to teach you to reverence your Creator above all; to love your fellow creatures, as your brethren; & to treat them with the same respect you demanded of them. This has been one of the most noble and pleasing; one of the most important and delightful duties, that was ever required of me. I have sacrificed the pleasing and sweet enjoyments of domestic happiness to this important task, and, if I have been so happy as to acquit myself with success, if I shall have the sweet recollection of having been useful to you, my labor will be amply rewarded.

But for my conduct, I now hold myself answerable to you, to the honorable committee, to your parents, and to my conscience. I have considered, that your usefulness or unusefulness in the world, the good or evil you may do, your happiness or misery, depended, in a great measure, on the education and cultivation, I have given you. I have endeavored to give you good instruction, and from this, I have formed pleasing expectations. On the contrary, I have expected the most cutting sorrow, if I should neglect this duty. Yet notwithstanding the care and anx-

ity I have felt for the school, I am still indebted to you for your attention to study; for your circumspect behavior, in, and out of school; for willing obedience to the government of the school; but above all, for the personal respect you have shewn me. This has made such an impression on my heart as I presume will never be eradicated or defaced by time.

I still intreat you to follow the paths of virtue, which alone will lead to happiness. Be sure to obey your parents. Their anxiety for you demands your best services, which will be a small compensation. Be kind and obliging to your neighbors, affectionate to your friends, and just to your enemies. But above all, reverence your Creator, who is the father of you all, who gives you every blessing you enjoy; and from whom you expect all you hope for, into whose hands I now commit you all, imploring for you the choicest blessings he can bestow on you.

*Andover, N. H. March 16,
1821.*

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**Garden Seeds
for sale at this
Office.**

The following hymn is said to be composed by an Indian, and sung by him soon after his conversion. It is written as near as could be, in his own language, or otherwise, broken English.

Tune....INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

In de dark woods, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heab'n, and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low ;
Den God on high in shining place,
See me in night wid teary face,
De priest he tell me so.

God send he angels take me care,
He come heself to hear me prayer
If Indian heart do pray.
He see me now, he now me hear,
He say, "poor Indian, neber fear,
He wid you night and day."

So me lub God wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take up part,
He save um life before ;
God lub poor Indian in de wood,
So me lub God, and dat be good,
Me praise him two* times more.

*On earth, and in heaven.

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Notice of Quarterly Meetings.

Seneca Lake Q. M. will be holden at Seneca Lake the Saturday before the 2d Sabbath in May.

New-Durham Q. M. will be holden at the Ridge Meeting-House in New-Durham, N. H. on the 3d Wednesday and Thursday in May.

Strafford Q. M. will be holden at East-Randolph, Vt. the Saturday following the 3d Wednesday in May.

Owego Q. M. will be holden at Candor, N. Y. on the 4th Saturday and Sabbath in May.*

**The times for holding the Owego q. m. are on the 4th Saturday and Sabbath of Feb. May, Aug. and Nov.*

Communicated by Elder Gould.

Poetry.

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The Experience.

1 Mixture of joy and trouble
I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in a valley
A sinking down with woe,
Sometimes I am exalted,
On Eagles wings I fly,
I raise above old Pisgah,
And almost reach the sky.

2 Sometimes I am a doubting,
And think I have no grace,
Sometimes I am a shouting,
And Bethel is the place,
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think I'll throw it by,
Sometimes it is sufficient
If I were call'd to die.

3 Sometimes I shun the chris-
For fear he'll talk to me, [tian
Sometimes he is the neighbor
I long the most to see,
Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull,
Sometimes we find a blessing,
With joy it fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppressed
By Pharaoh's cruel hand,
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan
And view the promis'd land,
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light,
Sometimes my soul takes wings
of faith,
And then I speed my flight.

5 Sometimes I do go mourning
Down Babylon's cold stream

Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears to be my theme,
Sometimes when I am praying,
It seems almost a task,
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

6 Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book,
Sometimes I find a promise
In ev'ry page I look,
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home,
Sometimes I meet my Jesus,
And then I'm glad I come.

7 Lord why am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro,
Why are my hopes thus cross-
Wherever I do go, [sed
O Lord, thou never changest,
But 'tis because I stray.
Lord, grant me thy assistance,
And keep me in the way.

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